

No. 6

10¢







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# HUMOR

By Dale Mc Featters



"Watch those quick stops, Miss Durkin!"



"You say you're a little underweight?"



"I don't want to be strict, Mervin, but I wish you'd say, 'Good morning, sir'—not 'Greetings, gate'!"

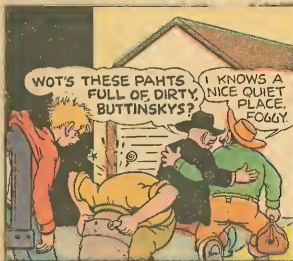
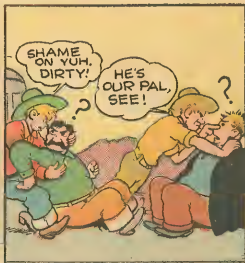


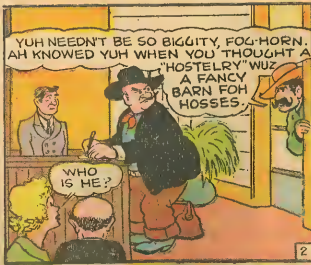
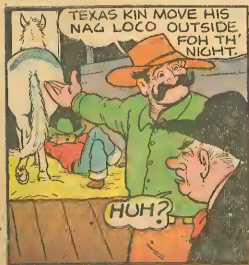
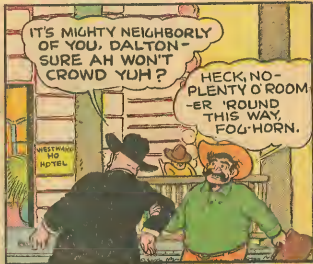
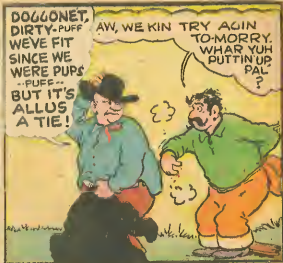
"I believe he's a manufacturer of lawn sprinklers."

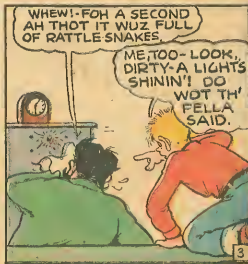
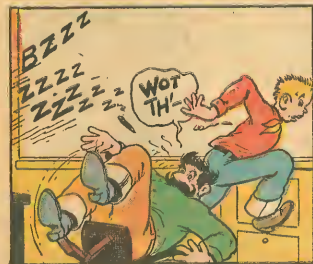
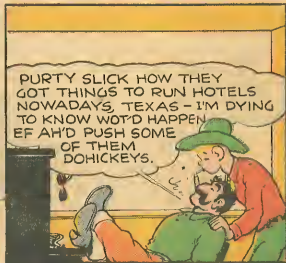
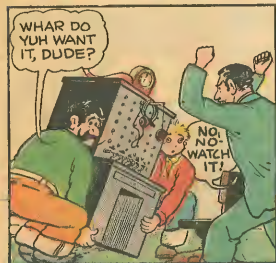
# Texas Slim and Dirty Dalton

LET'S  
WATCH TH'  
TRAIN  
COME IN.

THEN LET'S  
WATCH IT  
GO OUT.

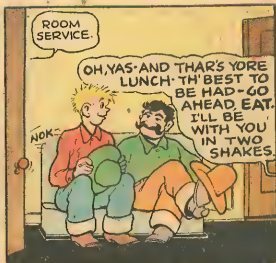
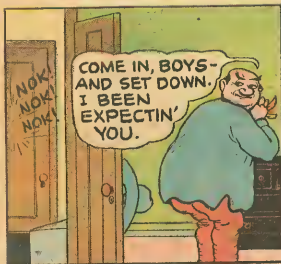
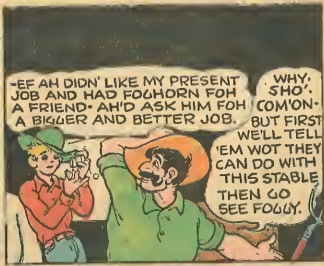




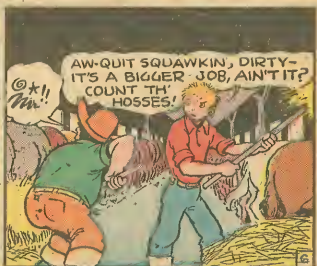
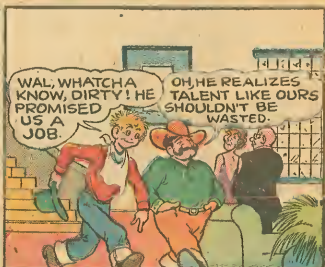
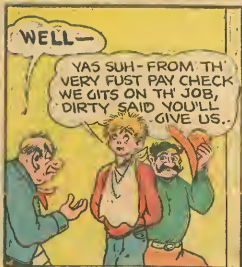


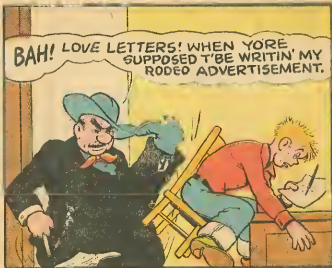




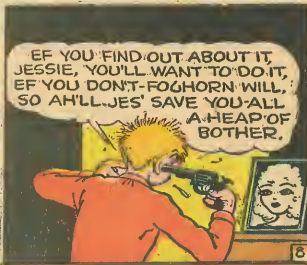
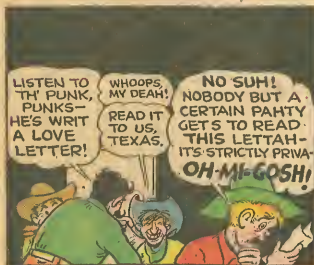
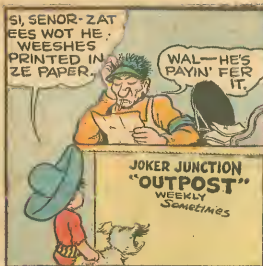


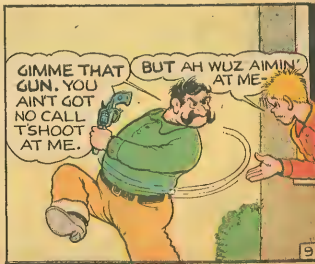
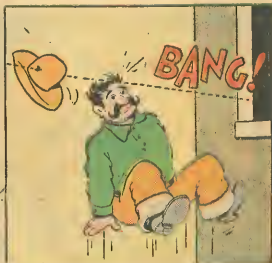
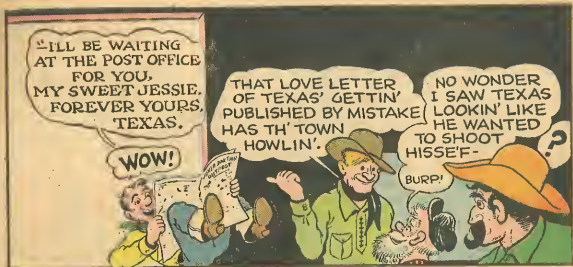




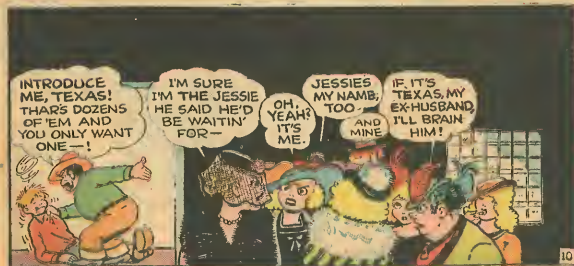
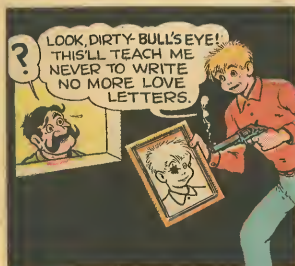
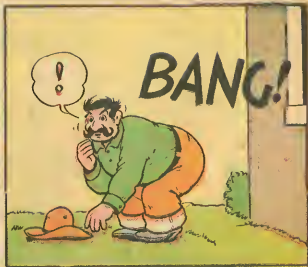














## ...SYNOPSIS

JONATHAN GALLANT IS A YOUNG FARMER GONE TO SEA AS A CORSAIR ON THE MERCHANT SHIP, SILVER SPRAY, SAILING HOME TO BOSTON FROM BARBADOS. THE SILVER SPRAY IS ATTACKED BY A NOTORIOUS PIRATE — THE RAVEN. FOREWARNED, HOWEVER, JONATHAN CAPTURES THE BUCCANEERS SHIP, WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL ABOARD... BUT NOT THE RAVEN, WHO IS REPORTED DROWNED....

THAT EVENING... AS THE SKIPPER MAKES HIS DAILY ENTRY IN THE LOG OF THE SILVER SPRAY:

YE KNOW, I WAS JUST THINKIN' I OUGHT TO LOOK IN ON OUR PASSENGER FOR A MINUTE OR SO!

AYE, JON, MAYHAP YE OUGHT, BUT...



'TWOULD BE BETTER IF YE PUT IT OFF 'TIL MORNIN'... A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP MIGHT BE MORE TO HER LIKIN' THAN A VISIT FROM YOU... BESIDES 'T'WILL BE FOUR OR FIVE DAYS AFORE WE MAKE PORT AT SAN SALVADOR, AND GET RID OF THAT BUNCH OF CUT-THROATS IN THE BRIG FORWARD!





**T**IS STRANGE,  
HOW A FEW  
SIMPLE WORDS  
OF ...  
DISSUASION,  
CAN SO EASILY  
ALTER THE  
NORMAL COURSE  
OF EVENTS!

...  
HAD THE SKIPPER  
LET JON GO, THE  
ENSUING WEIRD  
AND EXCITING  
INCIDENTS WOULD  
NOT HAVE  
OCCURRED!  
...OR WOULD THEY?

FOR AT THAT MOMENT, LURKING  
JUST OUTSIDE OF THEIR QUARTERS



THE DOGS!...THEY SHALL  
LEARN TO THEIR SORROW  
THAT MATCHING WITS WITH  
ME IS A HAZARDOUS  
PASTIME!



SAFELY HIDDEN, BY THE MANY  
SHIFTING SHADOWS, THE MYST-  
ERIOUS FIGURE DARTS FOR-  
WARD, WHERE THE "RAVEN'S"  
RECENTLY CAPTURED PIRATE  
CREW IS IMPRISONED.....



WAKE UP, YE HULK!  
THERE'S SOMEONE  
TAPPIN' ON THE  
BARS AND  
CALLIN' YER  
NAME!



HUH? ME?  
...WHO BE IT?

HOW IN BLAZES  
SHOULD I KNOW?  
WHY DONT YE  
GET UP AND  
FIND OUT?



SHHH, "TIGER"!  
QUIET, IT'S ME!

YOU! BUT IT CAN'T  
BE! THEY SAID  
YOU WERE .....!!  
I THOUGHT....!!



YOU THOUGHT? YOU NEVER  
THOUGHT IN YOUR LIFE  
I DO THE THINKING!  
...NOW LISTEN CARE-  
FULLY, I HAVE A  
PLAN TO GET YOU  
ALL OUT OF THAT  
HOLE AND TAKE  
OVER THE SHIP!



QUICKLY, THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR OUTLINES A DARING PLAN OF ESCAPE!...THEN...

SHH...SOMEONES COMING!  
...IT'S THE DECK WATCH!  
...I MUST GO NOW...  
REMEMBER...EIGHT BELLS  
ON THE DOG WATCH!



WHO'S THAT WHISPERING?  
WHO'S THERE? BLASTED  
DOG WATCH GIVES ME THE  
CREEPS! ALWAYS THINK  
I HEAR VOICES!



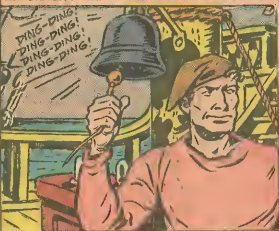
YOU'RE RIGHT,  
SAILOR, THE  
CREAK AND  
GROAN OF AN  
OLD SAILING  
VESSEL DOES  
PLAY FRANKS  
ON HIGHLY  
IMAGINATIVE  
AND SUPERSTITIOUS  
SAILORMEN...

BUT...

THIS TIME  
TIS NO FIGMENT  
OF THE MIND!  
THOSE WERE  
REAL VOICES  
YOU HEARD!



A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...ALL IS SERENE...  
THE "SILVER SPRAY" FLOWS STEADILY ON HER WAY!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE FORWARD END OF THE SHIP...  
A SERIES OF WILD SCREAMS REND THE NIGHT!!



CAPTAIN GALLANT! SKIPPER!  
COME QUICK! THE PRISONERS  
THEY'RE KILLIN' EACH  
OTHER! HURRY!



C'MON, SKIPPER!  
LIVELY! THERE'S A  
RUCKUS IN THE  
FOG'SLE!



IF THEM BLASTED SWABS ARE DOIN' THIS TO BE FUNNY, I WON'T WAIT TO DELIVER 'EM FOR TRIAL, I'LL SWING 'EM ON A YARDARM MESELF, COME DAWN!

LOOK OUT FOR TRICKS, SKIPPER. KEEP THAT PISTOL COCKED WHEN I OPEN THE DOOR!

STAND CLEAR! ALL O' YE! OVER AGAINST THE WALL! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? ...AND WHAT'S AILIN' HIM?

AVAST YE SCUM! ONE FALSE MOVE OUT O' YE AND IT'LL BE YER LAST!

WELL, C'MON, SPEAK UP! WHAT'S ALL THE YELLIN' FOR?

'E SAYS 'E SEEN 'EM, 'E DID! ...THE GHOSTS O' THE MEN 'E DONE IN! ...BEGGIN' YER PARDON, SIR, BUT WHAT MIGHT OUR POSITION BE, ABOUT NOW?

WHAT HAS OUR POSITION GOT TO DO WITH ALL THIS?

PLENTY! MAYBE WE'RE ENTERIN' THE HAUNTED WATERS!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THE HAUNTED WATERS! OHHH! HEAVEN HELP US! ...WE'RE ALL DEAD MEN! OOOOHHH!

SHUT UP, YOU FOOL! ...THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE HAUNTED WATERS! GET BACK TO SLEEP, AND DON'T LET ME HEAR ANYMORE OF THIS NONSENSE!

BUT THERE IS AND WE'RE IN 'EM! ...TIS THE PLACE WHERE THE ONES YE'VE KILLED COMES BACK TO PLAGUE YE! TURN AWAY! I SAY! OOOHHH!

ON DECK...THE CREW OF THE 'SILVER SPRAY' AROUSED BY THE COM. MOTION LISTEN IN AWE! EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM GULLIBLE AND SUPERSTITIOUS MEN OF THE SEA!

THE HAUNTED WATER! 'TIS TRUE I'VE HEARD THE TALE

THE SKIPPER KNOWS: HE'LL CHANGE OUR COURSE!

HE'S RIGHT, JON, IF THESE BE THE HAUNTED WATERS, 'TIS BEST WE VEER OFF!

AYE, WE'LL CHANGE OUR COURSE FOR YE, BUT NOT UNTIL I'VE SEEN ONE O' YER BLASTED SPOOKS MYSELF! NOW, GET TO SLEEP! ALL O' YE!



WITH A FINAL ADMONITION, JON AND THE SKIPPER RETURN TO THEIR QUARTERS!

YE'RE A HEADSTRONG LAD, JON. I HOPE YE DON'T RUE YER DECISION!

WHAT WAS IT, CAPTAIN GALLANT? I WAS AROUSED BY THE SCREAMING, IT TERRIFIED ME!



IT WAS NOTHING, LASS, JUST SOME SILLY SAILOR SUPERSTITION ABOUT HAUNTED WATERS AND GHOSTS OF MURDERED MEN AND SUCH... ALL POPPYCOCK. THE ROGUES WANTED US TO CHANGE OUR COURSE BUT I REFUSED!

THE HAUNTED WATERS! I SEEM TO HAVE A VAGUE RECOLLECTION OF HAVING HEARD OF THEM!...AND YOU REFUSED TO CHANGE YOUR COURSE? DIDN'T YOU EVER KILL A MAN, CAPTAIN GALLANT?



AYE, QUITE A FEW I GUESS, SINCE I'VE BEEN PROTECTING THIS SHIP... BUT IT WAS EITHER KILL OR BE KILLED, THEY ATTACKED US! NOW YOU BETTER GET BACK TO SLEEP AND DON'T BOTHER YOUR PRETTY HEAD ABOUT ALL THIS! GOOD NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT, CAPTAIN GALLANT!



...JON, I WISH YE HADN'T BEEN SO STUBBORN ABOUT GOIN' THROUGH THE HAUNTED WATERS... EVEN OUR OWN CREW IS ACTIN' MIGHTY UNEASY!

DON'T WORRY, THEY WON'T SEE ANY GHOSTS, CAUSE THERE'S NONE TO SEE... THEY'LL GET OVER THEIR TREMBLES SOON ENOUGH!



A HALF HOUR LATER... ALL IS QUIET AGAIN. THE SKIPPER TOSSES FITFULLY... BUT JON, THE CORSAIR, IS FAST ASLEEP!



MEANWHILE.. IN THE CREW'S QUARTERS.. 'FISHMOUTH', A NEWLY ACQUIRED MEMBER OF THE CREW, DECIDES TO RISK A VISIT TO THE GALLEY!

THERE OUGHT TO BE A BIT O' GROG AROUND... AFTER THIS NIGHTS DOIN'S I NEED A SPOT OR TWO TO BOLSTER ME NERVES!



HALF WAY TO HIS DESTINATION, HE TURNS TO SEE IF HIS PROWLINGS HAVE BEEN NOTICED!

NO! NO! NO!  
IT AINT SO!  
IT AINT SO!  
YAAAAHGH!  
HELP! HELP!





HELP! CAPTAIN GALLANT!  
HELP! HE'S OUT THERE!  
...ON THE FOC'S'LE! I SEEN  
'IM! 'TIS THE GHOST OF  
THE RAVEN!

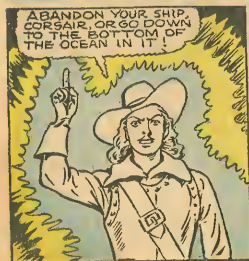
THE RAVEN!  
BLAST ME! THIS  
NONSENSE HAS  
GONE FAR ENOUGH!  
...I'LL SETTLE THIS  
RIGHT NOW!



OPEN THAT  
DOOR, FISHMOUTH,  
AND STAND  
CLEAR!

WAIT, JON!  
WAIT!  
YE DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YE'RE FACIN'!

WITH A DESPAIRING SOB,  
FISHMOUTH SWINGS THE  
DOOR WIDE AND THE  
CORSAIR CHARGES OUT!



THE AROUSED CREW  
RUSHES ON DECK...  
ALREADY JUMPY, ONE  
GLANCE AT THE APPARITION  
IS ENOUGH AND BEDLAM  
BREAKS LOOSE!!!

TAKE TO THE BOATS!  
...WE'RE DOOMED!

'TIS THE  
GHOST OF  
THE RAVEN!

HELP!!  
LEMMIE  
OUT'A  
HERE!





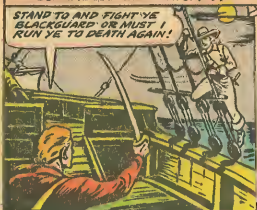
AVAST! YE COWARDS!  
ONE MOVE TOWARD THE  
BOATS AND I'LL SHOOT  
YE FOR MUTINY!  
STAND TO! I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF THAT GHOST!



NOW, RAVEN, BE YE SPECTRE  
DEVIL OR FLESH, DRAW SWORD  
AND DEFEND YERSELF,  
FOR I'M COMIN' AT YE!

AS THE CORSAIR LEAPS TO THE ATTACK,  
THE GHOST EXECUTES AN AMAZING  
MANEUVER! ... DASHING TO THE SHROUDS  
HE SCRAMBLES MAPLY ALOFT!!

STAND TO AND FIGHT YE  
BLACKGUARD OR MUST I  
RUN YE TO DEATH AGAIN!



KEEP GOIN' ME BUCKO,  
WHEN YE REACH THE  
TOP, YE CAN GO NO  
HIGHER, LESS'N YE  
CAN FLY!

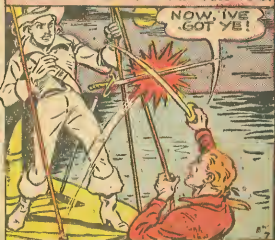
REACHING THE CROSS-POST PLATFORM THE  
GHOST TURNS SUDDENLY WITH SWORD  
LEVELLED FOR BATTLE!

SO, YE CAN'T  
FLY, EH? THEN  
YE GOT TO  
FIGHT!



THE GHOST LUNGES!...THE CORSAIR COUNTERS!

NOW, I'VE  
GOT YE!





**BUT... THE CORSAIR IS WRONG!**



**PRETTY HEALTHY SPLASH FOR A GHOST! AYE MUCH TOO HEALTHY! HE'S NOT GETTIN' AWAY THAT EASY!**



**NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!**



**HEAVE TO!  
DROP THE  
SEA ANCHOR!  
MAN OVERBOARD!**



**FOR A MOMENT THE BLACK WATERS SWIRL EMPTY... THEN SUDDENLY BREAKS AS TWO HEADS APPEAR!**



**YOU!**



**A HALF-HOUR LATER... EXPLANATIONS ARE IN ORDER!**

**WHY I MASQUERADED AS A MAN AND BECAME THE NOTORIOUS "RAVEN" IS A STRANGE STORY, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, SO IT DOESN'T MATTER... BUT HOW YOU, A SAILOR, DARED TO ATTACK ME IN MY ROLE OF A GHOST IS MORE THAN I CAN FATHOM!**

**COVERING YOURSELF WITH FLOUR AND TAKING ADVANTAGE OF SAILOR SUPERSTITION WAS A GOOD IDEA, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING, I AM NOT A SAILOR, I'M A FARMER!**

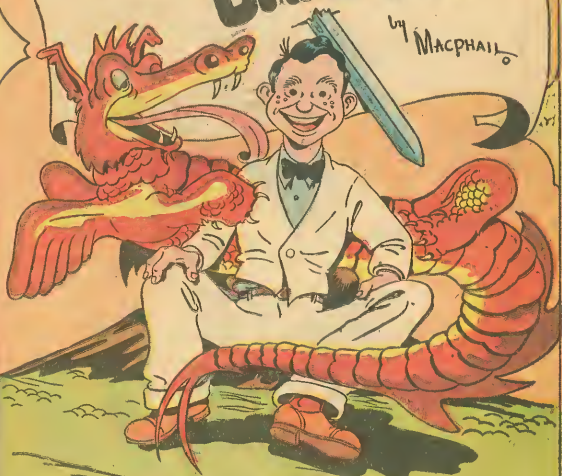
**AYE, AND FARMERS AINT NO WAY SUPERSTITIOUS AT ALL, AT ALL! ...AND FALSE MOUSTACHES AND FLOUR DONT SET WELL IN TOO MUCH WATER!**

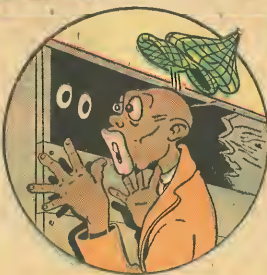
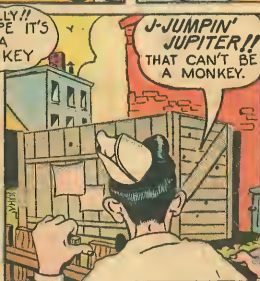
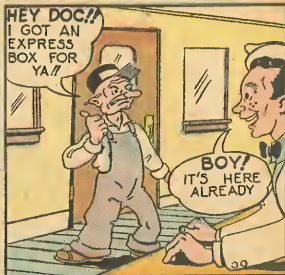
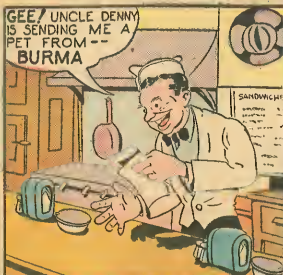


**WHAT IS THE STRANGE STORY OF THE RAVEN? WHAT WEIRD QUIRK OF FATE COULD PROMPT HER TO BECOME A PIRATE? DONT MISS THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE "CORSAIR"...**

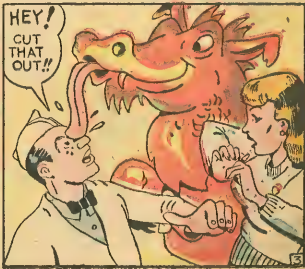
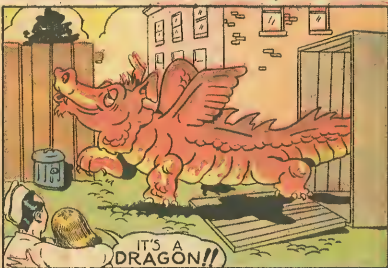
# GEORGE *and the* DRAGON

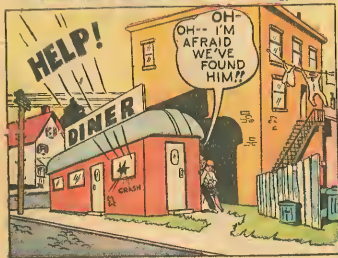
by MACPHAIL

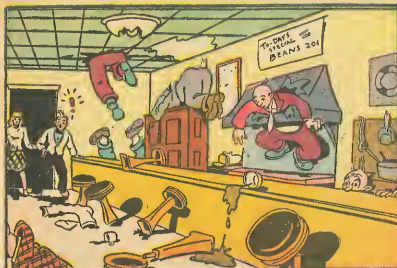




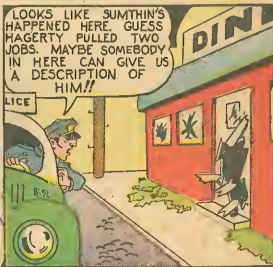
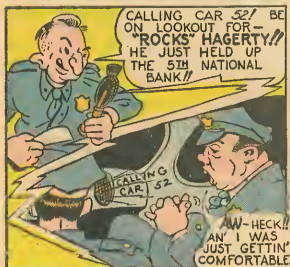








IT WAS HORRIBLE!!  
REGULAR MONSTER  
IT WAS! CAME THRU  
HERE LIKE A-A-ER-A  
CYCLONE!  
YESSIR!



I'M A REASONABLE  
GUY, BUT WHEN  
YOU SAY HE HAD  
SCALES AN' WINGS,  
BROTHER--  
THAT'S  
TOO MUCH!!!



NUTTIER'N A FRUIT  
CAKE-- ALL OF 'EM!  
I KNOW HAGERTY  
HASN'T GOT FLOPPY  
EARS AN' A LONG  
TAIL! MAYBE HE  
WENT UP ELM ST.  
LET'S GO!!

GOLLY MICKEY, I  
WONDER HOW THEY  
KNEW ABOUT THE  
DRAGON! WE'D  
BETTER FIND HIM  
BEFORE THEY DO.  
THEY MIGHT  
SHOOT HIM!



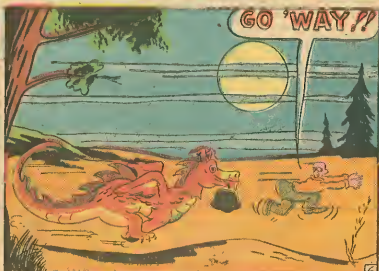
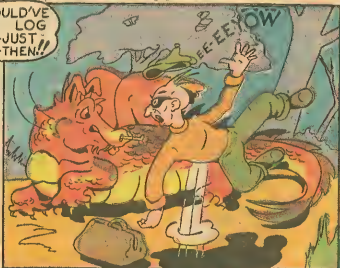


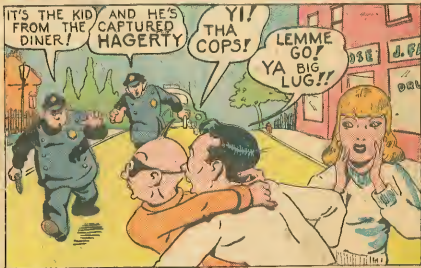


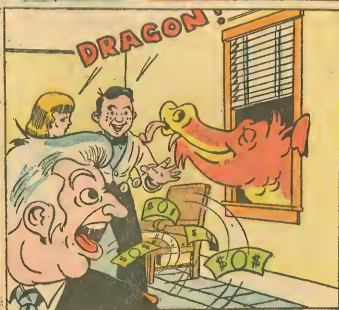
FEELS GOOD TA  
SIT DOWN,  
GUESS I'LL  
HAVE A SMOKE.



SAY! I COULD'VE  
SWORE THIS LOG  
MOVED  
J-J-JUST  
TH-THEN!!









# MR. IN-BETWEEN

by VERNON HENKEL

THEY CALL HIM MR. IN-BETWEEN BECAUSE HE IS BETWEEN THE LAW AND THE UNDERWORLD! WHEN A PROMINENT MINING ENGINEER GETS BUMPED OFF IT LOOKS LIKE THE MURDER WILL BE PINNED ON HIS UNSUSPECTING WIFE UNTIL CARTER MASON STEPS IN TO PROVE THAT TWO CAN PLAY AT THE GAME OF INTRIGUE!



THE CRACK OF A GUN ENDS A BRIEF DISCUSSION IN A PARK AVENUE APARTMENT

CONRAD LESTER, YOU ARE NO FURTHER USE TO OUR ORGANIZATION!

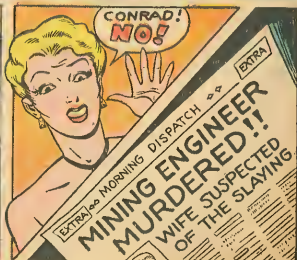
NO!  
D-UNSHH.

BANG!



CONRAD!  
NO!

EXTRA  
MORNING DISPATCH  
MINING ENGINEER  
MURDERED!!  
WIFE SUSPECTED  
OF THE SLAYING



IN A MID-TOWN OFFICE...

SO THEY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM! I WONDERED HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE HIM TO SELL OUT!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!



ARE YOU CARTER MASON?

VELVA LESTER! SIT DOWN - YOU'RE IN A LOT OF TROUBLE!



YES! THE POLICE THINK I KILLED MY HUSBAND - BUT I *DIDN'T*! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IF YOU CAN HELP ME PROVE MY INNOCENCE!

I BELIEVE YOU!



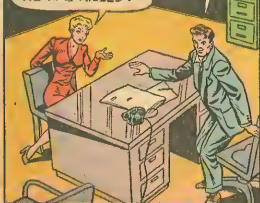
VELVA, DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR HUSBAND WAS WORKING WITH A GANG OF CRIMINALS WHO ARE RUNNING WILD IN THIS CITY?

NO! I - I'M SO MIXED UP - ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE WAS GOING TO QUIT SOME ORGANIZATION HEADED BY A MR. KNIGHT!



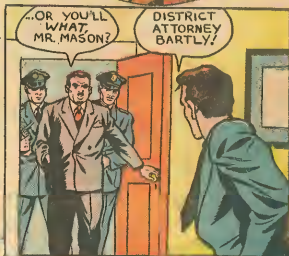
HE KEPT A RECORD OF HIS ACTIVITIES IN A LITTLE BOOK WHICH *DISAPPEARED* AFTER HE WAS KILLED!

JUST A MOMENT!



WON'T YOU COME IN?





TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DISTRACTION, THE GUNMAN FLEES OUT A BACK DOOR...



I'M PLACING YOU UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. LESTER!



SORRY, MASON, BUT I DOUBT THAT YOU CAN PROVE THAT! I'D ADVISE YOU TO KEEP OUT OF THIS CASE! TAKE HER AWAY, MEN!



MEANWHILE - DOWNSTAIRS IN A DRUGSTORE

HELLO, CHARLIE, I DIDN'T GET THE GIRL! BUT IT'S JUST AS WELL - THE POLICE PICKED HER UP FOR THE MURDER! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE RED DOOR!

MY! MY! I WAS RIGHT SHE IS INNOCENT!



TUT! TUT! I SEE THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PHONE BOOTH SPOKE THE TRUTH - NOW I WILL HAVE TO USE ACTION!

113

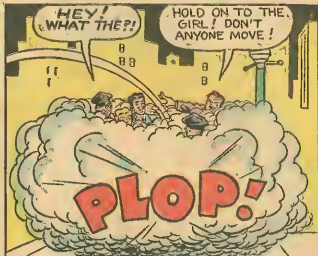


THIS SMOKE BOMB SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



HEY! WHAT THE?!

HOLD ON TO THE GIRL! DON'T ANYONE MOVE!



QUICK, YOU TWO, THIS WAY!



THANKS FOR THE SMOKE SCREEN, BUD! YOU SAVED MY CLIENT!

WHO ARE YOU?





MY NAME IS  
BIZZY!  
PHINEAS P. BIZZY!

BIZZY, EH?  
HOW DO YOU  
FIT INTO THIS  
CASE?



I RUN A PICKLE FACTORY...  
BUT LIFE IS SO DULL IN MY  
PICKLE SHOP...SO I GENERALLY  
GO OUT AND HUNT UP SOME  
EXCITEMENT!



PICKLES! UGH!  
AND I THOUGHT YOU  
MIGHT HAVE A LEAD  
ON WHO BUMPED OFF  
CONRAD LESTER!

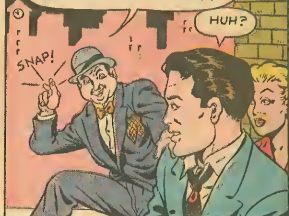
...AND HELP ME  
RECOVER HIS  
RECORD BOOK-  
THE ONLY THING  
THAT COULD PROVE  
MY INNOCENCE!



THE RED DOOR! THAT MAN  
SAID HE WOULD MEET CHARLIE  
AT THE RED DOOR! C'MON!

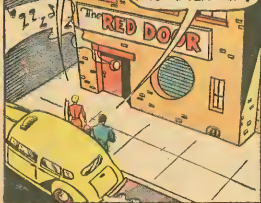
HUH?

SNAP!



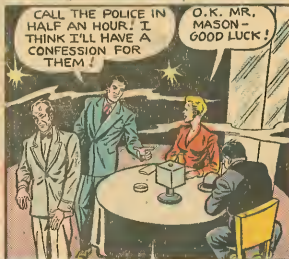
THERE IT IS.  
IT'S A NIGHT  
CLUB!

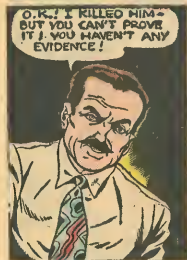
SO THIS IS WHERE  
THAT GUY CAME  
FROM WHO BUSTED  
INTO MY OFFICE  
THIS AFTERNOON!

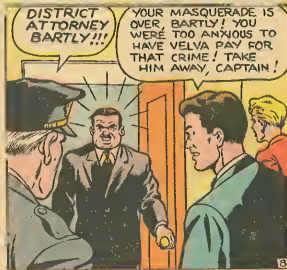


THE FLOOR SHOW IS ON!  
LET'S SIT AT THIS TABLE AND  
PLAY WE'RE CUSTOMERS...











# TUGBOAT TIM



ALL ABOARD FOLKS!  
TIM IS OFF TO THE  
SHORE OF BROOKLYN  
AND THAT IS WHERE  
THE **FIREWORKS**  
BEGIN.....



BENNY BLOW, AS MATE  
OF TH' JEZEBEL, YOU'LL BE IN  
COMMAND O' THAT TOW WE GOT  
SCHEDULED T'DAY...THE GULTS  
GOT ME ONE GOOD LEG...

AYE CAP'N  
CRUMM...YOU  
KIN COUNT  
ON ME!



LATER ABOARD THE JEZEBEL JONES.....

C'MON YOU SWABS...  
I WANT THIS TUB SHIP.  
SHAPE! WE GOT  
COMPANY COMIN'  
ABOARD!

WHAT'S  
HE UP  
TO,  
YONSON  
?

AT BENNY,  
SINCE VEN  
VAS HE  
WORRIED  
ABOUT  
DIRT ?



AH...MISS SCARLET  
HOW NICE OF YOUSE  
TO COME ABOARD.

NEVER MIND  
THE OIL, BENNY...  
IT'S A NICE DAY  
FOR A RIDE...AND  
I'M CURIOUS ABOUT  
THIS "SURPRISE"  
YOU HAVE!

SO THAT'S  
IT,?"



YOU'LL FIND OUT THE  
SURPRISE IN A MINUTE,  
SCARLETT WHEN WE PICK  
UP THE TOW...!

?



**FIREWORKS!**

RIGHT?  
TWO LOADS OF  
'EM, TOO.



YOU MEAN YOU'RE  
GOING TO HAUL THEM  
TO CONEY ISLAND FOR  
TONIGHT'S CELEBRATION?  
AND WE'LL HAVE FRONT-  
ROW SEATS...OH BOY!

I KNEW YOU'D  
LIKE IT, BABY...  
ALL RIGHT YOU  
LUBBERS... GET  
GOIN'... LET'S GET  
UNDERWAY...!



BOY? DOES THAT BENNY  
THINK HE'S A HOTSHOT NOW?  
SHOWIN' OFF FOR SCARLETT?  
FEEVA... SIGH... GEE SHE  
IS PURTY...

LOOK!  
CAPN FLUGLE?  
THERES THE  
"JEZEBEL  
JONES"!



WE'LL BATTEN MY HATCH  
AND CALL ME FLATTOP...  
THAT GROG-HAPPY MATE,  
BENNY BLOW, HAS A  
DAME ABOARD!  
MMM...



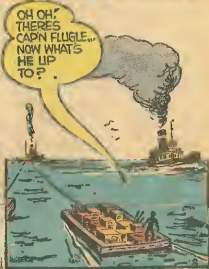
**BATS!!**  
GIVE ME A  
CEE-GAR... I  
WANT T'THINK!

SURE, CAPN  
FLUGLE, IF  
YUH THINK  
'AT'LL  
DO IT...

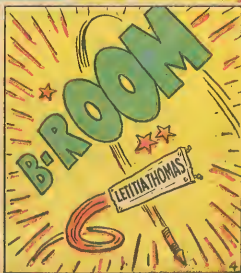
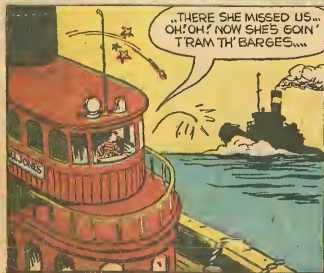
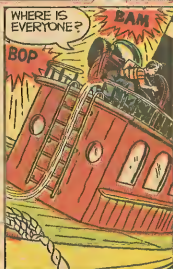
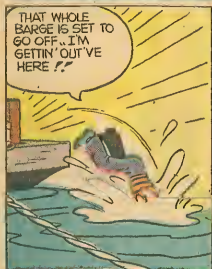
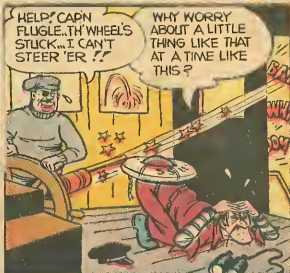
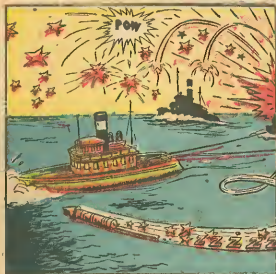
PUT 'ER HARD  
BY TH' JEZEBEL  
JONES... I WANT  
T'GET A CLOSE  
LOOK AT 'ER...

AYE  
AYE  
CAPN!

OH OH!  
THERES  
CAPN FLUGLE...  
NOW WHAT'S  
HE UP  
TO? .





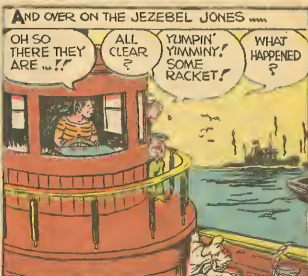






ME AND MY IDEAS ...!!

SHE STEERS OK NOW, CAPN' FLUGLE ...



AND OVER ON THE JEZEBEL JONES ...

OH SO THERE THEY ARE ...!!

ALL CLEAR ?

YUMMIN' YIMMIN'! SOME RACKET!

WHAT HAPPENED ?



HOW KIN I FACE CAPN CRUMM ... I CAN'T DELIVER TH' FIREWORKS AN' HELL LOSE HIS DOUGH ...

BOY! WILL HE BE MAD ...!!



NOW ... 1/4 MILE AWAY AT CONEY ISLAND ...

LOUIE ... YOU'RE T'BE CONGRATCH-OO-LATED ... AT WUZ TH' FINEST DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS I EVER SEEN ...

YEAH ... YEAH ... IT WAS KINDA ... NOVEL ... WASN'T IT ? (AND NUTTIN' LIKE I PLANNED ...)



TIMMY YOU WERE WONDERFUL ...

POOR BENNY ... CAPN CRUMM'LL SURE LACE HIM ...

GULP



BENNY ME BOY ... I JUST GOT A MESSAGE CONGRATULATIN' US ON TH' FINE HANDLIN' OF THE FIREWORKS AN' I ... ?? ... HEY!



SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR !!

SEE ? WHAT'D I TELL TWH ...

HEAVENS ?? I'M LEAVING I'VE HAD ENOUGH FIREWORKS FOR ONE DAY !!

THE END

TOMMY TINKER MAY NOT HAVE KNOWN THE ANSWERS TO MISS PRIM'S TEST QUESTIONS IN ARITHMETIC, BUT HE DID PROVE WITHOUT A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT WHATEVER TROUBLE HE GOT HIMSELF OUT OF, HE COULD ALWAYS FIGURE HIS WAY INTO SOMETHING TWICE AS TROUBLESOME...

# TOMMY TINKER



GOSH, WE'RE LATE FOR SCHOOL, TOMMY, AND I WANTED TO COPY AGNES MERRITT'S ARITHMETIC!

DON'T GET YOURSELF KEPT AFTER SCHOOL, JOEY. WE HAVE TO SKATE ON THE MILL POND, YOU KNOW!



I HAVE AN ARITHMETIC TEST WRITTEN ON THE BOARD, CLASS. PLEASE PAY ATTENTION WHILE I REVIEW THE QUESTIONS...



NUMBER ONE. A MAN USES EIGHT GALLONS OF GASOLINE TO DRIVE 145 MILES. HOW MUCH GASOLINE WILL TAKE HIM 96 MILES? NUMBER TWO ...

A CAMPING PARTY ALLOWS  $1\frac{3}{8}$  POUNDS OF MEAT, ETC., ETC.

GOSH I HAVE TO BEAT THIS TEST OR I'M STUCK AFTER SCHOOL!

THIS HAS TO WORK OR I'M SUNK!

HEY, JOEY!

AW, WHADDYA WANT?

CATCH!

OKAY, I GOT IT!

OH, GOLLY! THAT DRAFT THROUGH THE WINDOW...!

WOULDN'T THAT HAVE TO HAPPEN TO ME!

WELL! THIS IS TRULY THE AGE OF AIRPOWER!

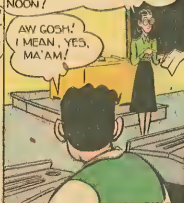
HIMMM. 'JOEY, GET AGNES MERRITT TO WRITE THE ANSWERS DOWN AND SAIL IT BACK. TOMMY...

VERY INTERESTING, TOMMY! SUPPOSE YOU TAKE THIS TEST AFTER SCHOOL IN MR. BRUSH'S OFFICE!



JUST TO MAKE SURE JOEY DOESN'T TAKE THE ANSWERS TO TOMMY. HE WILL WORK IN THE CAFETERIA THIS AFTER-NOON!

AW GOSH! I MEAN, YES, MA'AM!



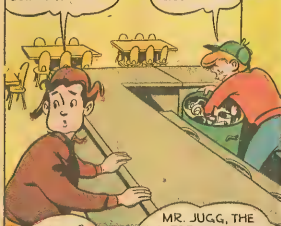
AT RECESS...

SOME MESS YOU MADE, TOMMY! I HAVE TO COOK FOR THE P.T.A. MEETING MISS PRIM SAID! WE'LL BOTH GET OUT OF THIS! COME ON TO THE CAFETERIA NOW!



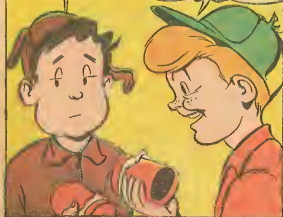
HURRY UP! I THINK SOMEBODY'S COMING!

I GOT TWO EMPTY TIN CANS. LET'S GO!



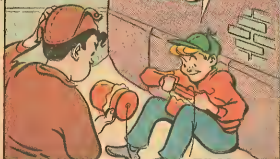
YEAH? WHAT ABOUT THE SOUP I GOT TO MAKE?

MR. JUGG, THE JANITOR, WILL DO IT TILL YOU GET BACK! MISS PRIM WON'T KNOW YOU'RE GONE!



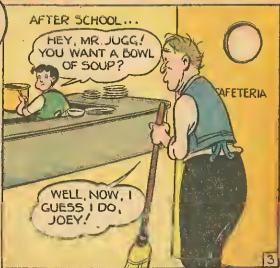
WHADDYA MEAN, WE HAVE A TELEPHONE? AND SO WHAT?

HERE'S WHAT. YOU GET THE QUIZ ANSWERS FROM AGNES MERRITT AND CLIMB THE TREE OUTSIDE MR. BRUSH'S OFFICE!



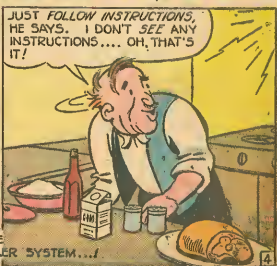
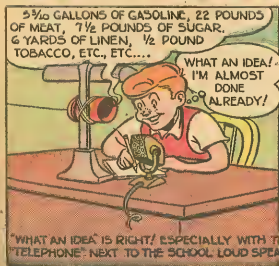
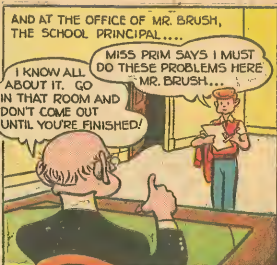
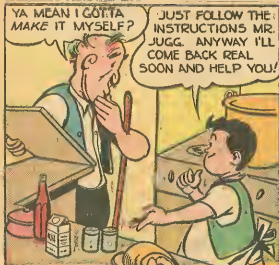
AFTER SCHOOL...

HEY, MR. JUGG! YOU WANT A BOWL OF SOUP?



WELL, NOW, I GUESS I DO, JOEY!





5  $\frac{3}{10}$  GALLONS  
OF GASOLINE, 22  
POUNDS OF MEAT,  
7  $\frac{1}{2}$  POUNDS OF SUGAR,  
6 YARDS OF LINEN,  
ETC., ETC....

JOEY DIDN'T SAY  
INSTRUCTIONS WOULD  
COME THAT-A-WAY, BUT  
I'M GETTIN' EM WROTE  
DOWN....

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

IT WAS CUTE OF TOMMY  
TO REAO HIS ANSWERS  
TO MR. BRUSH OVER THE  
LOUOSPEAKER SO I COULD  
HEAR THEM.  
NOW I'LL  
SEE HOW  
JOEY IS  
DOING....

BACK, HUH, JOEY?  
I COULDN'T FINO  
NO LINEN SO I  
THREW IN MY  
SHIRT--

YOU WHAT! --  
EEEEEEEEKKK!

SQUEAK

ULP-- MISS PRIM!  
GOSH, I THOUGHT,  
ER I--!

GET OUT OF  
HERE! **GET OUT!**

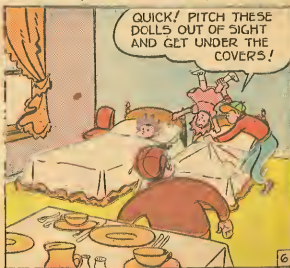
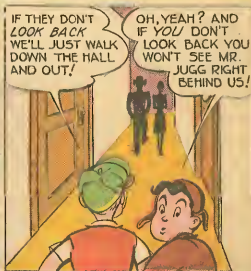
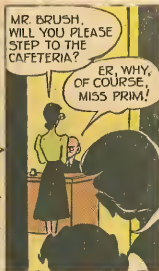
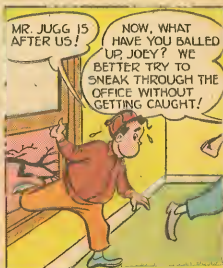
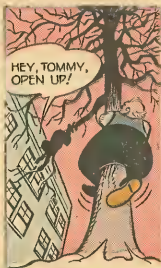
AND **STAY OUT!** I'LL  
CALL THE POLICE! I'LL  
CALL THE BOARD OF  
EDUCATION! I'LL **SCREAM!!**

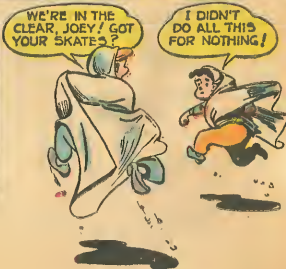
**HELP! HELP!**  
**BLUB-BLUB!**

I'LL CATCH THAT  
DURN KID AND I'LL  
WRING HIS NECK!!

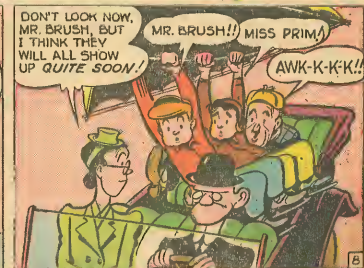
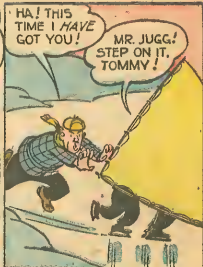
THANKS, JOEY!  
HURRY THAT SOUP  
UP! I'LL WAIT OUT-  
SIDE!

OKAY, I HAVE  
TO GET BACK  
TO MR. JUGG!

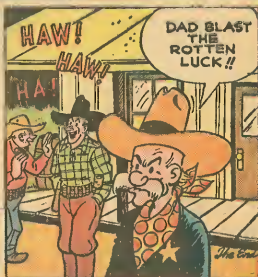
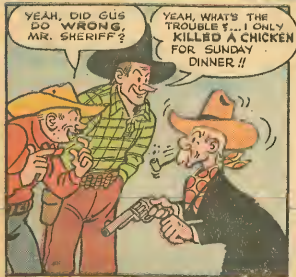
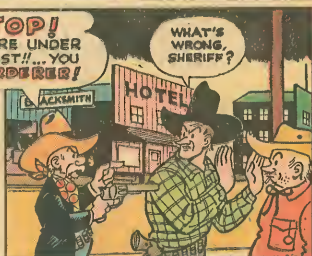
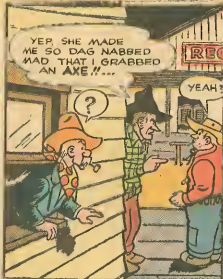


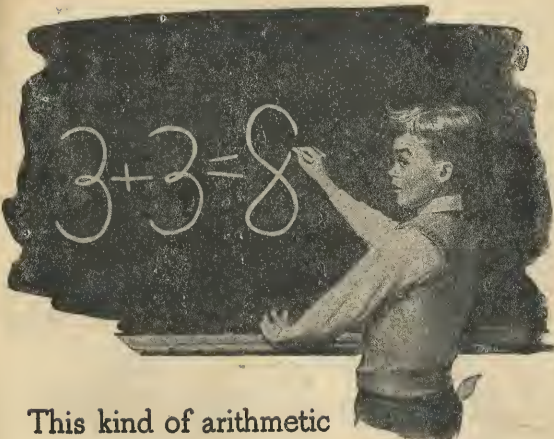






# SHERIFF SHUDDERS





$$3 + 3 = 8$$

## This kind of arithmetic may put Johnny through college

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